
British Columbia Monthly

(Continuing "Westminster Review," Vancouver)

VOLUME XIV

VANCOUVER, B. C., JANUARY, 1919

No. 4

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
OF THE CANADIAN WEST

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

(Continuing WESTMINSTER REVIEW, Vancouver)

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Notes of the Month

It is not surprising that the former Russian premier is disinclined to sit at a conference table with Bolsheviki emissaries and outlaws. The same ground might be taken with regard to the Germans. The latter have certainly placed themselves in the class of outlaws and pirates by their atrocities on sea and land.

* * *

If there is not to be a permanent deadlock, however, it will be necessary to confer with somebody. Probably the best way out of the difficulty was the arrangement by the supreme council of the Paris Conference to invite every organized group in Russia to send delegates to that island in the Sea of Marmora on February 15th. Such a conference cannot fail to be vividly interesting. If the Bolsheviks decline to come they will have to be counted out and dealt with.

* * *

The misguided youths who are endeavoring to terrorize the people of Vancouver by holding them up and demanding their money and valuables have, no doubt, attended some of the Sunday evening meetings in this city where they have listened to fervid demagogues proclaiming the doctrine that "property is a crime." Whether any of these speakers have been requested to hand over their watches has not yet transpired.

* * *

Exception has been taken to a recent paragraph on this page to the effect that Commissioner Gillespie was attaining considerable success in straightening out the municipal tangle in South Vancouver. The comment has been made that the Commissioner would be able to do better if he had a free hand, but that he is impeded by political affiliations.

The British Columbia cabinet is not so strong that it can afford to disregard the charge that most of its appointments have been political. As a distinctly party man, Premier Oliver naturally finds it hard to dissociate himself from the habitudes of years. In this regard he seems to differ but little from the former government, though he is not nearly so extravagant.

* * *

The so-called People's Moderation League does not seem to be quite the antithesis of the People's Prohibition Party. The opposite position to the latter will not be filled until the Free and Unlimited Drinkers make a stand. On the principle that invites the Bolsheviks to Princess Island to discuss matters, it might be suggested that the Drink-Hards be heard, and—as this is the age of woman—their wives.

* * *

It cannot be said that the general course of proceedings on the liquor question during the past month has been such as to constitute an invitation to the British Columbia Attorney-General to rest upon his laurels. There are those who say that the leafage of those laurels is not sufficiently luxuriant for anybody to rest upon. But the balance of opinion seems to be that Mr. Farris has shown decided ability in the matter.

* * *

Of the recent Vancouver municipal elections and the accompanying voting on money bylaws, it may be said that the principal distinguishing features were the reluctance of the electors to go to the polls, and the vigorous efforts against the money bylaws by the real estate men and property-owners. The backward swing of the pendulum from former extravagance only defers the inevitable tax sale that would seem to be the only

businesslike solution to the city's financial difficulties.

* * *

Notes of dissent from some returned soldiers have been heard with regard to the public welcoming of the Empress of Asia with her thousand soldiers back from the war. But it may be hoped that these murmurs do not represent the general feeling. Because some of our returned heroes did not meet with the ecstatic welcome they deserved, was no reason for withholding it from those on the Asia.

* * *

In this instance, as in others, there seems to be an uncertain element that is very much like luck. Just as one writer will receive recognition and his book become a "best-seller," while another, equally meritorious, pines in obscurity; just as one soldier is decorated by the

King and another, apparently just as worthy, is not, so in this public welcome. There have, no doubt, been cases where trains of returned men have glided in, only to be received with moderate enthusiasm. It is excusable that these should occasionally forget the dictum: "Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

* * *

People with an ordinary amount of human feeling must have had their sympathies excited by the news that King George and Queen Mary had lost their little son. Those who have experienced such a loss know the heartache and the sense of irrevocable destiny that goes with it. The King and Queen have too often shown an active insight into the life of their people for their bereavement to be passed by with indifference.

—X.

Editorial

TREATMENT OF DISABLED SOLDIERS

DIFFERENT opinions may be held regarding the assignment of lands to, and the provision of other opportunities of resettlement in civil life for returned men who, with health unimpaired, feel unfitted or indisposed for former callings. But there is little room for doubt or discussion as to the treatment that should be assured to men who have been handicapped by loss of limbs or injured in health and strength through war service. Disabled British soldiers in former generations, it must be recalled with regret, if not also with something of shame, were too often allotted only a pittance of a pension, which, paid quarterly, often tended to regular celebrations in more ways than one with kindred spirits, and justified in another connection the couplet used by Goldsmith:

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by the fire and talked the night away.

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It is to be hoped that no disabled soldiers of the British Empire, and certainly none belonging to this far-flung Canada of immense natural resources within the Empire, shall have his war experience supplemented by anxiety as to the provision of a living income either for himself or those who may have been dependent upon him before his disablement.

Training of such men at government charges for other vocations for which they may be fitted in their impaired health or handicapped condition, is all very well, but pending each man's settlement at work which guarantees not only "a living wage" in the present, but a prospect of provision of a competence against his latter days, any government worthy of the name should see that all the warriors wounded in the service of the Empire and the freedom of the world are freed from any fears of want. Such treatment need not be held inconsistent with the spirit of independence, for the allowance or pension—and its measure or continu-

ance—should be recognized as a debt of honour on both sides. In that event, there would be no need to magnify the disablement on the one hand, or to limit or reduce the allowance unreasonably on the other.

* * *

PATRIOTISM AND PUBLICITY

Proof that printers' ink, as never before in the history of the world, was used for publicity in connection with the Great War, can be found in the "Kitchener Book," and there is no doubt that in Canada, as elsewhere in the Empire, similar methods were adopted to waken into action the patriotism of the people for Victory loans as well as for recruiting.

On the other hand, during the course of the war there were not a few regimental and other publications issued which relied, for their production, on appeals made to the patriotism of business men. In Vancouver, one bookseller remarked of one of the last regimental publications that "that one had not sold so well—there were too many advertisements in it." Whether or not the reason alleged was the right one, the publication in question, though finely printed on art paper, was in large part made up of advertisements. Indeed, in such publications were to be found advertised some firms and businesses which did little or no advertising in the newspapers or other periodicals, and the inference was that the appeal to their patriotism had effect.

If that happened during the war, it is even more fit and proper that there should be well-supported publications representative of the returned men, and while there is a Dominion "Veterans' Monthly," published in Ottawa, we have in Vancouver an ably-edited "Veterans' Weekly,"

which seems to get the large advertising support its purpose merits.

But if—

"The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip

Tae haud the wretch in order"—

it may also be said that the fear of being labelled unpatriotic cannot be expected to intimidate business men into contributing advertising to anything and everything that claims a patriotic connection. The advertising manager of one of the leading business firms recently stated that he was rather taken aback at the manner in which his selection of space had been received in one case. For one issue of a publication he was charged as much as would have covered advertising for a good portion of a year in other periodicals. Yet the canvasser, because of his patriotic connection, accepted the business with a bad grace and a grumbling expression.

If business men and companies do not treat those working for patriotic purposes with due consideration, it is right that the facts be known; but in the last analysis, the national government has the power as well as the right to see that justice is done. There should, therefore, be no excuse for any agents or publications, on the basis of patriotism, approaching business men and firms in ways that suggest a demand on the one part and an obligation on the other, rather than free and fair consideration on a business basis, together with reasonable regard for the objects aimed at and the community service involved.

* * *

STRIKES OR ARBITRATION?

Like many others concerned in printing work, this magazine had occasion to be inconvenienced by the

recent printers' strike, as the publication of the previous issue was held up by it at the last moment. That strike, like some others, seemed to provide a good argument for arbitration.

So far as the men in the job press departments were concerned, it seems that they held that they had a good case. While the wages paid them were lower than those given in the newspaper press department, the job pressmen claimed their work required more experience and skill than are needed for the other work. From \$29.50 to \$34.50 per week seems a substantial increase, even for these abnormal times.

Whatever the pros and cons for each side, it must be said that the sudden stoppage of work reflected unhappily on all concerned in it. The masters accused the men of breaking an agreement, the men accused the masters of not giving them a direct answer, and it was also alleged that an endeavour among certain masters or business managers to form or

maintain a "price-fixing ring" had a bearing on the trouble.

Any such attempt by masters to keep up prices by having a central authority or agent to whom estimates (given as independent) are reported, so that the same figure may be given by each firm to the customer, is as objectionable on the part of employers as the demanding by employees of an equal wage for all men, regardless of their individual training, experience or working capacity. Whatever advantages may be claimed for such courses, they do not allow for individual initiative.

Publishers who have ideals seek to put all they can into their service, but often find themselves handicapped by the high cost of printing. In the circumstances, no prophet is needed to predict that if unreasonable rates are asked for printing work, publishers of periodicals may be compelled in self-protection to organize a "Union" Printing and Publishing House.

THE GOLDEN ROAD TO NOWHERE

By Robert Watson, Vernon, author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman"

Oh! for the chance to roam again
Over the road to Nowhere:
Down the village and through the lane,
Up the hill and across the plain;
Out in the sunshine, out in the rain,
Catching the breeze from the salted main;
Joyous youth and the glad refrain:
Off and away to Nowhere.

Nothing of sorrow or time knew we,
There on the road to Nowhere:
Blossomed the hedgerow, blossomed the tree;
Hearts were merry, and light, and free,
Happy the laughter of you and me.
Ah! it was life as it ought to be,
And little we dreamed of a weird to dree
While on the road to Nowhere.

Where are the friends that you and I
Met on the road to Nowhere?
Heedless of love and kindred tie
Some with their broken idols lie;
Some still long with an aching sigh;
Bravest and best in Flanders die.
All are gone with the days gone by;
Gone—like the road to Nowhere.

The Dominant Note in the New Era

Opinions of Representative Western Canadian Citizens

In time reckoning up to 1914, "B.C." and "A.D." were sufficient for most historical purposes. Shall we in future have some other initials in use, such as "A.W.," or "P.B.," for Post Bellum—"After the War"?

Meantime, the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY considered the time peculiarly appropriate for asking representative citizens in various circles, what they hold should be the dominant note for Western Canada and British Columbia particularly, at this epoch-making period.

The question was submitted to people engaged in the public, professional, literary, educational and business life of the community, most of whom are subscribers to the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY.

In more ways than one the responses were gratifying as well as revealing and noteworthy. We shall publish as many as possible in this issue. The replies are not arranged in any order of precedence. We believe that all the "Notes" will be found of genuine interest.

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY
Author of "Up the Hill and Over," etc.

It seems to me that one of the outstanding problems which British Columbia, in common with the rest of the world, will have to face in the new era is the arranging of a working agreement between Capital and Labour. We have been fighting tyranny abroad and we want no tyranny at home. When Capital tyrannizes, Labour is uneasy and rebellious; when Labour tyrannizes, Capital withdraws and industry suffers. Surely sane and just men and women can find some solution which will mean at once a fair wage to the one and a fair profit to the other?

MR. JAMES KERR
Business Man

In the new era, on the threshold of which we now stand, the dominant note in British Columbia, as else-

where, should be a new and loftier conception of human values. Our province occupies a strategic place in the map of the world, the country is teeming with natural resources, rich and varied in kind, the air is throbbing with plans for commercial and material betterment, but beneath all must assuredly run the strong undercurrent of love and appreciation for the priceless things of character, which alone enrich a nation.

DR. W. H. LANG

Professional Man, ex-School Board Member

The war was won by great leadership and organization, based on self-sacrifice and a true sense of justice. Our future success as a nation will depend upon the continuance of these same factors, with emphasis on leadership of a Christian character. This applies to our so-

cial, political and religious life alike in Province and Dominion.

REV. E. A. HENRY, B.A., D.D.
Minister of Chalmers Church

To me the dominant note for the new era in British Columbia is the same dominant note of all great eras, namely: The exploiting of our unused spiritual resources; the cultivating of the serving spirit in the interests of humanity; the recognizing of the basal character of community righteousness; the transforming of our educational processes for the development of the richest, widest citizenship; and the founding of our national life on the solid rock of the Unseen and Eternal.

HON. WM. SLOAN
Minister of Mines, Victoria, B. C.

Faith and service! These, it seems to me, may be accepted as guiding posts pointing the way for us through the days to come. Faith in the belief that we have reached the time when humanity, casting off the bickerings and jealousies of nationalities, will live in good-will and peace, bound by a league of nations based on the sound and just principle of equality of rights as between the weak and the strong, and continue the struggle as a unit towards all that is highest and best in civilization. Faith in the destiny of our Empire; of our grand country, Canada; and of our own home province, British Columbia. With this faith, the broad, true significance of service is clear: Service in the discharge to the full of our responsibilities as citizens of the great British Empire; of Canada, our native land; and of our richly endowed British Columbia. Let us serve in civil life as our sons have on the battlefield,

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with eyes ever to the front and spirits undaunted by rebuffs and disappointments. Thus comes victory. With practical faith and service as our precepts, we each will do "our bit" towards carrying forward the province and its people to a realization of a condition of greater progress, happiness and contentment.

MR. H. LOCKYER
General Manager Hudson's Bay Company

My message in connection with the new era, which we all hope is dawning for our city and province, would be: "The introduction of the same degree of efficiency and reliability in our public life (municipal and provincial) that obtains in our private spheres of operation."

MR. ROBERT J. C. STEAD
Author of "The Cow Puncher," "Kitchener and Other Poems," etc.

The dominant note of the new era must be *service*. All honour, all distinction, all good citizenship must be recognized on the standard of what a man *gives*, not what he *gets*. In the last four years Canadians have nobly proven that they are willing to die for their country. In the future they will be required, at perhaps no less sacrifice, to prove that they are willing to live for their country. That means living for your neighbor, your community, your province, rather than for yourself. On that basis, and no other, can a democracy be established and maintained.

MRS. MARGARET M. PILLAR

A square deal for every man, woman and child in British Columbia, the elimination of every obstacle which stands in the way of each attaining the ideal God intended for each. To attain this: The need of

leaders in Church and State, men and women who will *stand* four square, under God, on every question of public interest.

HON. J. D. MACLEAN

Provincial Secretary, Victoria, B. C.

The motto of British Columbia for the next few years should be, "Stability." Greater attention should be given to industrial efficiency, to productive enterprise and to improved hygienic conditions.

MR. R. M. MILLAR

Business Man

I believe that the dominant note for British Columbia is summed up in the words of Chas. A. Berry, as follows: "It is power we need, power that shall help us to solve our practical problems; power that shall help us to realize a high individual, spiritual life; power that shall make us daring enough to act out all we have seen in vision, all we have learnt in principle from Jesus Christ."

REV. W. H. SMITH, M.A., B.D., PH.D.

Minister of St. John's, West-End

I can think of nothing more appropriate than our Lord's reply to the scribe who asked, "Which is the great commandment of the law?" The reply was, to love God with all our powers and our neighbours as ourselves. The old era was dominated by legal and social prohibitions. Jesus did not mention a prohibition as worthy to be called great, but he insisted upon the positive, constructive, all-embracing unity of life which loved God and man. The greatest enemy of the new era will be the attempt to reconstruct society along materialistic, economic and social lines without regard to God as the central unity. If the new age is to be strong, safe, clean and victorious, men must pour out their

hearts toward God and man in the exercise of loving service.

MR. R. L. REID, K.C.

With the world emerging from the chaos following the last great victory of democracy over autocracy, necessarily tremendous questions must be solved by those who have been placed by us in authority. Let us have patience with, and charity for, them; and, recognizing the victory of righteousness, let our dominant note be the optimism of Browning:

"God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

MR. S. J. CROWE, M.P.

Every, or almost every, problem in our province could be solved by applying the Golden Rule. That would solve the big problem of returned soldiers. We also need a closer co-operation in this reconstruction period.

THE VEN. F. C. C. HEATHCOTE

Archdeacon of Columbia

"No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will and soul."

This is true of every great cause. Iron sacrifice achieved the naval and military victory of our Empire. The *first phase* of the war is over, we have wrestled against flesh and blood. Now we proceed to the *second phase*, against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in high places. "To make democracy safe for the world"—there is a price for this—again it is "sacrifice."

"From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ be Lord indeed."

Scots and Scots' Bairns Foregather on Burns' Nicht

By "A Chiel Amang Ye"

IT was a bit dreich, cauld kind o' a place, that in Pender Street West, Vancouver, in which about six hundred folk frae Scotland, and ithers wha's forbears cam' frae the little country wi' the big backbone, met on Friday, the 24th, in memory o' the National Bard wha's name and fame are now kent the wide warld o'er. "Dominion Hall" is a big-soondin' name, but the hall's inconvenience for a supper or concert party emphasizes the need there is for seein' tae the erection o' a tolerably comfortable place for public affairs—tae say naething o' sic important gatherings as those connected wi' "Immortal Memories."

Seein' Andra Carnegie is evidently no' alive tae his opportunity, canna Canadian-Scots and Scots-Canadians dae something tae help this farthest west city by the sea tae get ae passable hall? If wealthy "McEwans" and "Ushers"—wha gift or bequeath money for halls tae a city such as Edinburgh—are no' deid—or livin'—yet, in Vancouver, there's a' the mair need for ordinary Scots folk collaboratin' wi' ithers for sic a purpose, if only that they might hae a place in which tae celebrate national and imperial and cosmopolitan events in comfort. Oor city council here and some ither bodies are gien tae ower muckle talkin' and newspaper paragraphin'. As ane o' thae expressive continental phrases has it, they want tae "get a move on" in the maitter o' a guid-sized auditorium, for there's scarcely ae tolerable place ootside the Hotel Vancouver,

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and it's a bit "high" for plain folk, though nane ower guid for a "Burns' Nicht."

But it was o' that supper and concert that I wantit tae say a few words—if the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY will accommodate them.

Writin' as a frien' tae frien's, and yet as a Scot a guid number o' years frae Scotland, wha went tae see wha and what the "United Societies" in Vancouver represented, I'm sorry that I canna be a'thegither complimentary regarding the supper, the service and the ongauns o' the audience at the concert. The main dish—the haggis—was a' richt, was A1, indeed, and reflected credit on a' wha had tae dae wi' its provision, but what wey did the supper service leave sae much awantin' otherwise? Mind ye, I'm no writin' tae grumble as ane wha didna get enough tae eat, or wha wasna personally satisfied, but rather as ane wha is jealous for the honour o' oor common country. For a' I ken, a guid pairt o' each dollar was maybe needit tae pay for that airy hall, but surely something better in the way o' service and service-ware could hae been supplied for the money—and the credit o' Bonnie Scotland! The oatcakes, scones and pancakes were real fine—what was o' them—but what wey was there no' mair attention tae the bread an' tea an' cream (or milk?) supply, an' the crockery?

Mind ye, it's a' very weel for the newspaper paragraphers—and especially the gommerils wha hae nae mair sense than tae insult the Im-

mortal by writin' the name "Bobbie" —tae report everything as excellent —superlatives aften cover poverty o' insight and expression. But Scots wha' hae an' Scots wha' hae na come frae Scotland may be sure that frien's and neighbours in British Columbia, as elsewhere, not Scottish-born or bred, will be observin' oor weys and freely criticising them, tae, and naturally enough. Sae dinna be angry if I say that the supper service in some weys suggested an oot-o'-the-wey country place in Scotland, owre mony o' the people o' which in the auld days were kept puir and ill-provided through the unjust laws such as led some o' oor forefathers tae say, "As weel be hanged for a sheep as a lamb!"

I'm no denyin', mind ye, that the hielans o' Scotland, wi' its Gaelic-speaking clans, is a maist important pairt o' the country. But maybe even the kilt and tartan-wearers will agree that e'en as we want the young Scots in Canada and elsewhere tae suggest tae strangers, as applicable tae the whole of Scotland, Robbie's line about Auld Ayr and honest men and bonnie lasses, so also we want the comfort and culture—*British* culture—o' the Scottish cities and o' "Edina, Scotia's Darlin' Seat," to be indicated to Empire citizens o' ither pairts wha learn o' Scots and Scotland and Scottish ways (never use "Scotch!") only frae those they meet far frae hame. Maybe some ane will want tae reply at ance reminding us o' "the pride and poverty o' Edinburgh," and that rival citizens in the West o' Scotland speak o' Edinburgh as bein' "an East-windy, West-edy sort o' place."

But na, na, folks. Ootside Scotland, hieland, midland or lowland,

"we are a' John Tamson's bairns," an' it's for the credit and honour o' oor native land that I tak' exception or mak' a few comments and suggestions.

On this point, one word mair, as the meenisters say sometimes in the middle o' their sermons. I aften think that mony o' thae silly stories attributing mair than thrift tae the Scots are based on some experiences o' strangers wi' weel-daein' but maybe little-travelled folk frae oot-lying pairts o' the country, some o' whom hae for generations been used tae gettin' things by barter and exchange o' ae kind or anither, and in any case, see little o' siller; so that sixpences and even bawbees cam' in slowly and rarely, and were in consequence cherished at times aboot as much as dollars are by the dollar-hunting North American—Indians.

But enough o' this: the folk wha dinna ken that Scottish hospitality—tae say naething o' Hieland with its warm welcome—is a kind that is seldom equalled and never surpassed in other lands, either dinna ken Scotland and true Scots, or their education in British has been sadly neglectit, and then mendit wi' some newspaper joke columns.

Like the meenister, I hae wandered frae the text. By the wey, that was a gey guid discourse on Robbie which that reverend doctor body gave, and he needna hae gien ony excuse for preparin' and writin' it beforehand. For an oration before folk wha speak even o' a sermon as "a talk," it may be a' richt tae memorise or trust tae a fu' mind and the inspiration o' the moment when making such an address. But it's sae difficult for a professional literary man (and nae less, naturally, for a

meenister wha's main writin' business is sermons) tae say onything new and worth while about Robert Burns, that he wad be rather a darin' chiel wha wad attempt nooadays tae speak tae the Immortal Memory without very carefu' preparation—whether or no' he had his notes wi' him. At best, tae, perhaps nae man in America (and Canada is pairt o' the American continent, mind) can improve on what oor ain Tammas Carlyle wrote o' Burns, for, wi' a' his faults o' temper and temperament, Carlyle knew Scottish character and conditions o' life and work as weel as ony man. Sae much sae that I would add by the wey that, even if "Sartor Resartus" is a memory, and some o' Carlyle's other writin's, like the "prose-poem" o' the "French Revolution," seem tae you a bit ponderous, no tae say "thunderous," ye wad dae weel no' tae forget tae gie special attention tae his *Essay on Burns*. Read it tae yersel, and encourage yer bairns tae read it—no' as a schule lesson, but as a lesson for life an' character. It is ane o' the finest things o' its kind in the English language. In that connection I wonder hoo mony folk, inclined a' the time tae "Englified" gentility, an' wha maybe (in their ignorance) think the cantie an' expressive Scots tongue a bit uncouth, remember that what we ca' the "English" is juist a development o' ane o' three dialects that were in use lang syne in *Britain*, an' that it got precedence mainly through the comin' in o' printin'? After a', frien's, words—an' languages—are only valuable in the measure in which they reveal (no' conceal) oor thochts an' feelin's.

Before I close let me note a word o' praise o' the chiel wha recited Scots pieces sae excellently, beginning wi' the "Address tae the Haggis." The womenfolk also did weel in their singin', but they could hardly dae otherwise wi' such sangs tae sing and a trained musician frae Glesga wey tae play the accompaniments. Then the dancin' bairns—wee lassies in kilts—no' tae mention that braw and courtly chap in the MacLeod tartan, helped tae mak' us a' (like the cottar) forget oor "weary carkin' care."

I was tempted tae be a bit impatient wi' the audience when they were so slow tae quieten doon tae hear the chairman's remarks—which were also, so far as I heard them, guid maitter, weel prepared, and also weel expressed, though his voice was not strong enough to rise above the din some chatterin' bodies continued ower lang tae mak'. I didna wait for the dance, which reminds me o' anither suggestion. What wey did the "United Societies" no' arrange tae start the supper, as is the custom here, at 6 or 6.30, instead o' at 8 o'clock? That wad hae let the older folk awa' hame earlier, and also hae let the younger anes, wha were nae doot keen tae be at the dancin', get begun sooner, and so hame earlier in the early morn.

If the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY publishes this, I hope the members o' the "United Societies" will think o' me as a chiel amang them takin' notes wi' an earnest desire tae see Scots frae hame and their descendants dae justice in ither respects tae the land that in sang and story is famed forevermore as the birthplace o' Robert Burns.

Notes and Comments

By Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A.

A GREAT AMERICAN

THE passing of Theodore Roosevelt took place in a manner that no doubt would have been his own choice in so far at least as he, an embodiment of vital force and energy, was not called on to drag out a weakened existence or "lag superfluous on the stage" after he had ceased to be a factor in his generation. To have lingered thus would have been galling to his impetuous soul, though he would have faced it with the unshaken courage of a man of faith. For he was a man of faith, but believed intensely with the Apostle James that faith without works is dead. He added to his faith the manly determination to live it out in practical endeavour. He believed that it was not enough for a man to be good; he must be good for something. The following extract from one of his famous addresses is a clear statement of his creed:

"Virtue by itself is not enough, or anything like enough. Strength must be added to it, and the determination to use that strength. The good man who is ineffective is not able to make his goodness of much account to the people as a whole. No matter how much a man hears the word, small is the credit attached to him if he fails to be a doer also; and in serving the Lord he must remember that he needs to avoid sloth in his business as well as cultivate fervency of spirit."

Roosevelt undoubtedly did much to raise the moral standards of life in public service, and became in a peculiar sense the apostle of the "square deal" for every man, regard-

less of race or social station. And he will be gratefully remembered by us as the first man in the United States to declare against the aggressive policy of Germany and to call upon the American people to live up to their birthright and fight for the freedom of the world.

* * *

THE AMPUTATION CLUB

When one thinks of that struggle against the terrific war-machinery of the Hun, he invariably has rising before his eyes the men who gave their bodies to be broken that their homes and their Empire might survive. Some of these men in their mortal forms rest in Flanders fields or in the vast and wandering graves of the battlefronts by land or sea. But some of them have come back, maimed for life, to take their places again in the ranks of civilian life. In Vancouver there is a club composed of the men who suffered amputation in limb, but who do not propose that the physical handicap is going to cast them out into the human waste-heap. These men are splendidly alive. It was my privilege recently to be a guest at the first annual dinner of their club. If anyone had asked if they were downhearted, the thunderous denial would have made the windows rattle. Among the survivors of the Great War these men must be placed by us on a peculiar and special Roll of Honour. They are the shattered but unconquered representatives of the gallant host that had to convince Germany of sin by the only argument she would understand—the cold argument of steel.

THE MODERATION CAMEL

It is only when a man has a poor case that he seeks to camouflage by abusing the attorney on the other side. Those of us who believe in the suppression of the liquor traffic because we believe it to be an unmitigated curse do not consider that we have a poor case. And so we need not waste time and energy in abusing those who have started what they call "The Moderation League," with the object of securing the privilege of drinking certain intoxicating liquors. Their personal tastes are fairly well known and they evidently have not taken into account their responsibility for the weaker brother who does not possess the superb power of self-control which the Moderationists claim to possess. They may not think of it in that light or they may not care, but they are a long way from the attitude of

the Apostle Paul, who trembled at the possibility of anyone falling through his example. In any case, the world has learned that there is no such thing as getting the liquor traffic to pursue a moderate course once it gets the thin edge of the wedge introduced. It all brings to mind the case of the man in the desert who thought he could allow the camel to put his head in at the door of the tent for shelter. But once the camel got that far he went the whole way, to the great discomfort and suffering of the man. We had better keep this alleged Moderation camel outside, because if he gets his head into the door of human society again he will press forward till men and women and children are once more trampled under his hooves that are still red with the blood of the innocent. What we have we'll hold, with the help of God.

The New Conception of Education

By Miss Margaret Ross, Braemar School, Vancouver

(Concluded)

The new education accepts the duty of training the child for his leisure as well as for work. The mechanizing of labor makes this increasingly vital. The workman of the past had at least some interest in his finished product; the workman of today spends his time at a standardized part. He is much better paid, and his work is increasingly monotonous. His leisure is greater; his training to enjoy it nil. He is the easy prey of the agitator and the best available material for social upheavals. The solution of the disharmony between capital and labor lies largely in the schools. The

struggle of the masses for a share in the comforts and leisure of life can be made a progressive struggle rather than a revolution if the children are introduced sympathetically to the best of the age. It is not enough to provide commercial, technical, vocational education; all children in a democracy have a right to a share in the social inheritance of the race.

Today the student is trained in appreciation as well as in skill; not by the intrusion of the teacher between him and the thing, not by dogmatic explanations inducing servile and insincere conformity, but by

bringing the child into contact with music, pictures, books, nature, and then giving him the minimum of guidance. And in the schools that reflect the new education beauty is provided in proportion as the background of the children lacks beauty; the literature of the syllabus is large and catholic, only typical portions are analysed.

The new education does not ask the destruction of present systems; it asks from every subject on the curriculum a justification of its place there, from every teacher a justification of his position in passing on to the children who must soon take direction of the state, the training he himself has received. In the fundamental subjects it asks for treatment more in accord with the facts of life—that the child be trained in current speech that does not lag behind his comprehension; that processes of growth and assimilation should to a greater extent replace passive absorption of information and sheer effort of will.

Can it be claimed that any notable preparation for business and social relations, that any essential general principle commensurate with the time spent is gained through much of the present work in arithmetic? In the light of common-sense and reality many arithmetical problems are contributions to the literature of humour. The same formal, non-social atmosphere clings to spelling, with its formal tests of unrelated, and all too frequently entirely uncomprehended words, to literature with its total disregard of the fact that our boys and girls need direction in modern writing—their favorite diet—in history with its disregard of man's lucid intervals.

The world of education has today

before it the two most significant lessons of the ages in what stagnation of thought has done for Russia, and what ruthless suppression of initiative in Germany has done for the world. In our democracy indifference and the closed mind are to be dreaded quite as much as unrestrained socialism.

I began this outline with the determination to be quite impartial in my presentation. I realize that I have shown a very strong bias. I cannot afford to give the impression that my performance keeps pace with my theory of education. It does not. In some things I see success; in some I am very much in the floundering stage; in other essentials I have not dared to strike out.

While in London in 1915 I was privileged to visit three of the best secondary schools, which close late in July. The leaven of the new education was at work, but as I was interested solely in the new experiment of English phonetics, the class atmosphere came into the fringe of my consciousness only. In the schools of New York last year, with new theories very much in focus, I recalled many points of similarity in the educational practice of the schools of these two great centres.

While in attendance at Columbia I chose purposely those educational courses that gave me continuous observation privileges.

Much is yet in the try-out stage. There is, however, in the schools where the theories of sociological education are being applied, a mental alertness, a spirit of self-reliance, of co-operation, of sympathy; an atmosphere of busyness, happiness and confidence. I have nowhere seen equalled. In some schools the line between alertness and playing to the

gallery, between self-direction and capriciousness, between self-expression and forwardness, was not clearly drawn; the strain put on the poise of the teachers was evidently great. But the growth towards balance was so steady and so marked that from September to June my attitude of outspoken criticism changed to one of thoughtful silence. I received a great lesson in the art of waiting for results.

I mention four schools as typical.

The visitor accustomed to the conventional kindergarten, and to the ordinary routine of the schoolroom, would gain from the kindergarten of Teachers' College the impression of educational chaos. To do justice to this little community, so attractive to me when I understood its methods and purposes that it called me all too frequently from other work, I would have to cover the whole ground of the new theories on which it is operated. This kindergarten is an integral part of the whole school system under the ægis of Columbia. In their various activities, purposive thinking, initiative, leadership, individuality, co-operation are at a maximum, and these small beings had themselves perfectly in hand for rest, silence, play and work.

Self-government is established and in almost perfect working order in the Washington Irving High School of New York—the largest girls' school in America, I believe.

This school is a liberal education. It serves the East Side: many of the students come from the push-cart district, and from the poorest homes in this district; some come from surroundings of squalor, neglect, and worse; a large number—probably a large majority—are of alien birth or extraction. Yet these thousands

of girls govern themselves with no faculty assistance other than that rendered by two advisers appointed from the staff every month. The principal is rarely appealed to. Courtesy, consideration, sympathy are so woven into the warp of the school that its value to New York is inestimable. It is not possible to think of these girls in their future as the mothers of wastrels or agitators. Their system of self-government has succeeded. New York is proud of them. One can easily understand how jealously they guard the honour of their school, and the effect of school opinion in the case of a transgressor. They are here offered the best possible training in any avenue—commercial, technical, academic. Much of the inspiration comes from principal and staff. I was privileged to know rather intimately some of the leading teachers. Their vision of their work very largely explains the school.

On entering from the street one is in a hall of great beauty—a common meeting-ground for students and staff. The mural decorations are the gift of a wealthy society woman. Here is a perpetual art exhibit, contributed by artists of note, or loaned from private collections and changed from month to month. This is one note of many. The students recognize the civic spirit that provides them opportunity in every direction, and they respond splendidly.

I spent a day in the Study-Work-Play school of Passaic. In view of what I saw of the work being accomplished for the children of the large industrial population, it is difficult to find any reason but ignorance and intrigue for the recent outbreak of hostility to the Gary schools

of New York—for work in all these schools is along the same lines.

Here, as in the Washington Irving High School, student self-government is in successful operation, and one notes the same sympathy between teachers and students, the same evidence of a deep sense of responsibility. The assembly hall exercises were entirely conducted by students; if teachers were present, I did not see them. An incident in one classroom typifies. The superintendent, whose wife was my hostess for the day, questioned a boy near us about his design. The boy gave a sigh of impatience, looked up, and seeing the superintendent, sprang to his feet in confusion. He had not noticed our entry. Unless we interrupted, we were simply not seen. The boys from this school work for a part of the day in the factories of Passaic, and apply and extend the training of the school. The educational problem is the call to work at standardized parts with no vision, and consequently no interest in the finished product.

The class teaching in the school operated by the Ethical Culture Society is on a very high level, judged by any standard. Even the disciplinary subjects are socialized, with results that challenge criticism from the most conservative. The work in French in this school was the best I have ever seen in any school; its students are easily recognizable in the French classes of Columbia by their superiority in pronunciation and their facility in speech. Self-government here seemed to me to be attended by restrained irritation on

the part of teachers, and a lack of seriousness on the part of pupils. The students pay high fees, and come, as a rule, from luxurious homes. This may offer some explanation—or self-government may in this case be still in the floundering stage.

We all have the same aim—to train our youth to meet the many and puzzling situations of life well and honorably. We all recognize the process of silent absorption of the tone of the class, of the school, that goes on among school children, as we recognize that their treatment one of another, and later their attitude to community life, is largely its outcome. The distance a student has travelled in the subjects of the curriculum is of slight import to the nation if he has not gained power in the things the national life calls for today in no uncertain voice.

Distinction, superiority, are relative terms. Girls and boys are superior only in so far as they are considerate, truthful, honorable, courageous, industrious, unselfish—in so far as they do not dissociate their individual aims in life from the general welfare. Emphasis on arbitrary social divisions along lines of externals that do not touch the world's problems, is undemocratic and un-Canadian.

No matter how widely we differ in theory, we cannot go far astray in education if our corporate purpose is single, unselfish. Probably the most valuable lesson of experience is the worth of patience and confidence through discouraging periods of waiting for results.

It is impossible to examine our moral and intellectual growth without forming an estimate, as we proceed, of those who retarded, advanced or perverted it.—*John Foster.*

The Book World

SONGS OF AN AIRMAN

AN interesting contribution to Canadian literature of the war is the little book of poems recently published by McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, of Toronto, and written by Hartley Munro Thomas, one of the many Vancouver boys who have "done their bit" in the Royal Air Force. The same publishers have brought out Major Bishop's book, "Winged Warfare," which deals with its subject in plain prose, while Mr. Thomas' volume aims to interpret for us the experiences and emotions of the aviator militant through the medium of verse. In the introduction, Dr. Dyde, of Queen's College, discusses briefly the relation of poetry to war and gives a short account of the writer.

The poems are divided under three headings, "Songs of an Airman," "Canada at Peace" and "Canada at War," and show considerable variety of subject as well as diversity of metrical form. Thrown off, as they no doubt were, in the intervals of active war service, one cannot expect the technical finish and quality that might have come with the opportunity for more careful elaboration and revision, but there is a breeziness and force about them, as well as an elevation of sentiment, that secures the reader's interest and compels his sympathy. It is evident that the poet is full of the high romance and the breathless wonder of his calling, and his enthusiasm carries conviction with his lines, as, for instance, in his song, "Above the Clouds":

"We are not as the rest
Counting life by wealth or tears.
We upon the storm-cloud's breast
Are aged in hours, not years.

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There we're measured by the foe
We've conquered. One may lay us
low
Forever. None
May fail and live, 'twixt cloud and
sun."

Again, in "The Song of the Contact Patrol," he revels in the destructive power that the airman holds for the enemy:

"There is war in the air! We go
Though clouds and the rain are low.
For we have duty beyond the guns,
Bringing the curse of the air on
the Huns—
Bullet for bullet and bomb for
bomb,
From Nieuport Bains to beyond
the Somme.
And, oh! that the people be wise
Who plan for the war in the skies,
For we must wage war in the
air."

Several of the poems are strong in the element of pathos, as in that which takes its title from the British official report, "Two of Our Machines Are Missing." This poem perhaps attains as high a mark of poetic quality as any in the collection, and it may not be amiss to quote a couple of stanzas:

"Stars of the night, who have
travelled the spaces
Farther than ever our feebleness
dare,
Say can you see from your place
in the air
The sweeping machines, and the
gay, boyish faces
Of those whom we knew and who
left us up there?
"Stars of the night, when you vanish
tomorrow

Deep in the shadow that rolls to
the west,
Say will you pass in your voyage
o'er the crest
Of horizon, the planes that we
search in our sorrow—
The men who were fighting, nor
came back to rest?"

On the whole, this little collection
of verse is a notable achievement by
so young a writer, and shows con-
siderable promise. It is to be hoped
that under peace conditions Mr.
Thomas will continue to cultivate his
acquaintance with the Muse.

—R. A. H.

“When It Struck Home”

By Francis J. Dickie

SHEA, still bleary-eyed and a little
shaky from his long debauch,
stood listlessly on the street staring
at the chalk-written board in front
of the employment agent's office.
Tattered and dirty was Shea, and
almost penniless. He stood there
alone, solitary, apart from the crowd
that was passing by. Away down
the track of the railroad nearby the
whistle of the six o'clock inbound ex-
press echoed mournfully on the chill
air of the early winter evening. It
was almost dark.

The man wondered a little dully
where to go next; the offered jobs
on that board before him held out no
possibilities. It was more of animal
thought, the knowledge of necessity
for food and shelter, than anything
else. And the man was now almost
an animal. Fifteen years of constant
toil in lumber woods, on railroad
grade, the mines and upon the steel,
had left little of sentiment or finer
feelings about him. He did not care
any more, he had nothing for which
to care—no friends, no family, no
home.

Down the badly-lighted street,
home-bound workers were hurrying;
a trolley car rattled by with loud
rumbling and slight creaking of
wheels on frosty rail; mingled with
the workers and the home-hurrying

crowd, transient, stake-spending men
from distant camps, rough of dress
and loud of voice, passed by. But
Shea paid no attention to them. His
eyes still gazed upon the board,
though he saw not the chalk marks
thereon. Again the express whistled
for the east switch, and a moment
later with loud clanging pulled into
the depot, a few blocks away from
where the laborer stood.

The voice of a child caught Shea's
attention, and he looked around.
Holding tight to the hand of a little
woman, a boy of about six was trot-
ting gamely along to keep pace with
his hurrying mother.

Almost in front of Shea they both
came suddenly to a stop, and the
laborer was conscious that, grip in
hand, a man had also halted.

“Oh, it's you; we were a little
late,” she said.

In reply the man leaned down to
kiss his greeters.

He was a big man, Shea noted;
clean of face, fine of feature, neat of
dress. A type of successful business
man, the man possessed of a home, a
family, and all the things that are
worth while.

The group had stood but a mo-
ment and were gone, on up the street,
unnoticing, unseeing the strange,
hungry light that had leaped to the

eyes of the shabby stranger almost at their elbow.

For with this sudden little domestic scene unfolded before him, a great wave of self-pity, of revulsion at his own wasted, empty life, had gripped the lonely man upon the street.

The sight of the chubby child and his mother, and their greetings to the returned, all brought back a great flood of ancient memories that the years of sordid, dreary toil had nearly erased.

A great weariness, a fierce gripping pain, that was strangely akin to homesickness, something he had not felt in many a long year, held the

man. And with the coming of this old new rush of feeling, Shea turned away with the heaviest heart he had ever carried in all these years of fruitless work and wild debauch.

But the long street stretched before him just as before, saloon-lined, dully lighted, full of strange, unfriendly people. And as he shambled back down the street toward a chair in the rotunda of one of the cheap hotels, the wistfulness and longing in his eyes was a cry, and a regret, and a pain for the wasted years and for the home and children that now could never be his.

Abracadabra

(All Legal Responsibility Assumed by the Author)

The Wayside Philosopher

CLAMOURS have arisen over the Findlay matter in all quarters. Some are earnest expressions of opinion from honest men seeking the good of the province; others seek the good of the Prohibition Party and its principles; others, again, are the honest statements of those who honestly opposed the Prohibition Act. To all of these let us give attentive ear. To the other clamour, that of those who seek to serve private ends or satisfy some personal or political animosity, let us turn a deaf ear.

Already the latter class has shown itself in certain criticisms of the Government's course and of the Attorney-General. No one should be misled. Whatever the attitude of the Government as a whole may be, we may rest assured that the Attorney-General will use every fair and reasonable effort to determine the underlying causes of Findlay's fall and to punish the guilty. Mistakes he may make, as any other man, but when the matter is ended, none but the prejudiced will dispute his sincerity and integrity in seeking to vindicate the law and prove again that no band of men, however influential or wealthy, can with impunity flout public opinion and defeat public policy.

Why should the Government buy whisky at \$2.70 per gallon and sell it at \$5.00 per imperial quart?

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BOOKS AND POETRY

Stuart Livingstone, barrister, of Vancouver, author of "In Various Moods" and other poems, should need no introduction to our readers. We commend his work to their careful study.

T. R. E. McInnes in a "Fool of Joy" makes a very creditable return to activity. Let us hope this is the forerunner of other excellent volumes.

Those who recently took a part in the Evening at the Poets' Club are to be congratulated on the success attending the function.

"The Birth of the Russian Democracy," A. J. Sack; Russian Information Bureau, New York:

How the Soviet in representation is the outcome of a former unsuccessful revolution (1905); how they are composed; the historical difficulties and development of the Soviets; their relationship to contemporary industrial development and its reaction upon them; this and much more is told in such a way as to give a somewhat satisfactory glimpse of the perhaps controlling factor of Russian Democracy.

"Justice is mine; I will repay": Is that true or false?

OPINIONS

OF

Public and Private Citizens

Concerning the Field and Work of the
BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

In planning to place this Magazine—independent of party, sect or faction, and devoted to Community Service, fearless, fair and free—in every home in city, suburb and country in which ideals are cherished affecting “Social, Educational, Literary and Religious” life and work, we sincerely and thankfully welcome expressions of opinion regarding its field and service.

After seven years’ foundation building, we are convinced that the opportunities of usefulness open to such a monthly magazine are not secondary to any in Church or State.

The war has emphasized that whatever our country’s resources and industrial progress may be, there is need to publish and practise the precept: LET BRITISH COLUMBIA FLOURISH under the Inspiration of Worthy Ideals.

—Editor, B. C. M.

BY LIBRARIAN R. W. DOUGLAS

“I am glad to know that you are planning to place the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY independent of party, sect or faction and devoted to Community Service. That is a highly desirable ideal, and it should receive the support of the whole people. Under your splendid guidance it has already proved a noteworthy addition to Canadian periodicals. I think you should strive to improve Canadian literature through its medium. We have plenty of writers, plenty of talent, but there is some lack of interest among the readers. These should be stimulated, and the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY should be the instrument to effect this.”

MR. S. J. CROWE, M.P.

“We need such independent publications as the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY to mould the thoughts of readers towards worthy ideals and a truer citizenship.”

BY MR. R. R. MAITLAND
Ex-President Vancouver Canadian Club

“I wish the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY very great success. A journal such as you are publishing ought to commend itself to all searchers after truth in regard to current topics. Unbiased, clean-cut, independent discussion of public questions, with a full recognition of lofty ideals in the background, cannot fail to contribute to the general uplift of the community.”

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

BY MR. F. W. COWPERTHWAIT, Educationalist

"The BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY suits me. There is a field for it here in the greatest Province of a great Dominion, and the work being done in that field by the magazine is worthy of strong commendation and support."

BY DR. W. H. SMITH

"British Columbia cannot flourish in a worthy way unless the ideals of the people be worthy. The war revealed sickening conditions occasioned by men of unworthy ideals whose selfishness wrung blood from many hearts. Toward the inspiration of worthy idealism the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY has a field of unique approach. Every home would be enriched by its visits, and it might be so enlarged under the wider circulation that it could easily become *The British Weekly* of the people."

BY HON. WM. SLOAN, VICTORIA, B.C.

"I am glad to learn that the work of this journal is to be extended and broadened. Personally, I have always found the 'Westminster Review' interesting, instructive and elevating in its moral tone. The continuance of the enlarged BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY along similar lines cannot but be of the highest service to the people of the province."

BY A BUSINESS MAN

"The BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY has a wonderful field stretching out before it, affording a rare opportunity for real service. *Within* the province, it should stimulate higher

social and religious ideals and activities, as well as inculcate and foster a genuine love for the best in literature; and as its circle of readers ever widens, should more and more become a unifying influence, binding them together with the cords of common aims and kindred sympathies. *Outside* the province, the monthly will doubtless also wield an increasingly important influence, and as it enters on its second septennial period, we wish it every success." —J. K.

BY OTHERS

"The magazine is improving each month and is bound to attain its place, to attain your high ideal for it. We enjoy it, and appreciate its literary merit, its high tone, its fearless attitude on current questions."

—M. P.

"The field for the magazine is as illimitable as the possibilities of our wonderful province. There is room, as far as education and interest are concerned, for a magazine affecting each source of wealth, Agriculture, Fishing, Lumbering, Mining, Manufacturing, Commerce. Equally splendid fields are open in the Religious, Literary, Educational and Political arenas.

"A solid work, well done, instinct with promise, would be my characterization of what has already been done by you." —C. H.

"I wish to congratulate you on the uniformly high standard of the articles published, and upon your editorials, which have always been fearless and helpful. . . ."

DR. W. H. LANG.

A TYPE OF "UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL" THAT CHEERS

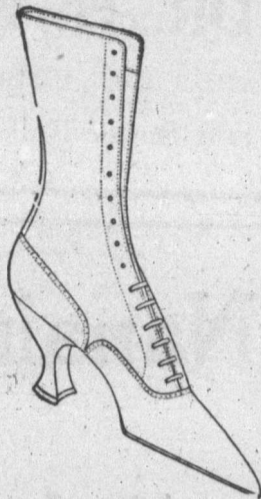
In Queries the Wayside Philosopher asks, Whose life have you brightened since last issue? I do not know, but this issue brightens mine. Go on and prosper.

—K. M. (formerly of Revelstoke, B.C., now of High River, Alberta.)

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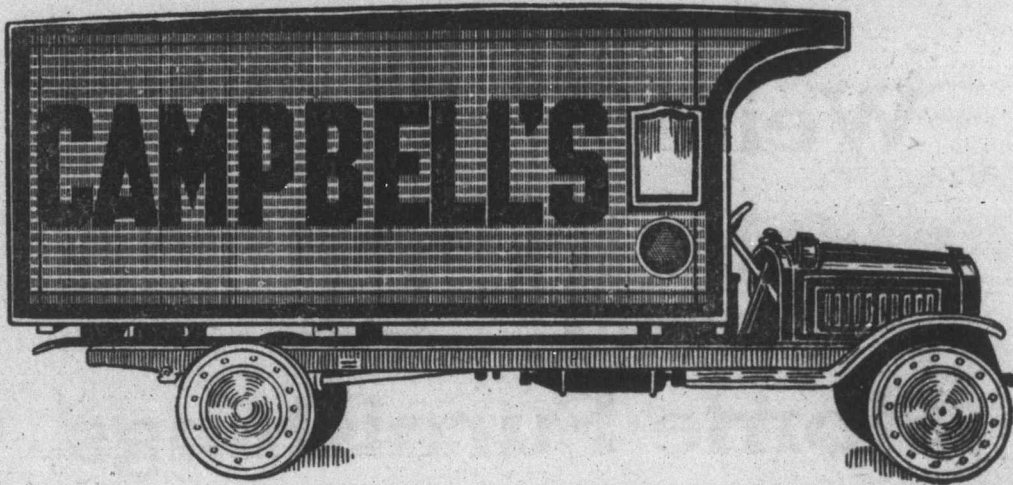
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